

Rubaiyat  
of  
Omar  
Khayyam

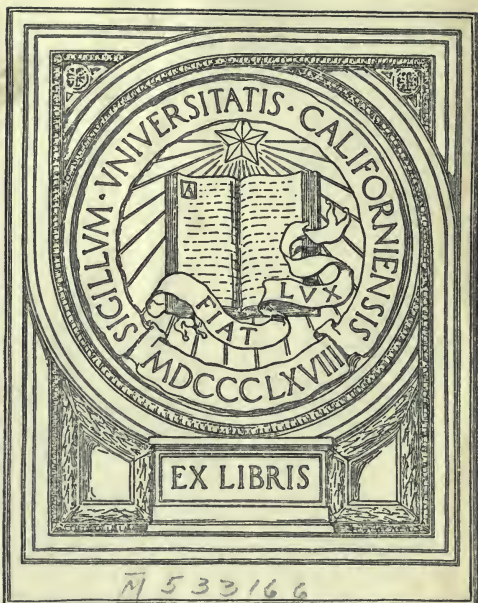


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1908



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RUBAIYAT OF  
OMAR KHAYYAM



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WAKE! FOR  
MORNING  
IN THE BOWL  
OF NIGHT  
HAS FLUNG  
THE STONE  
THAT PUTS THE STARS  
TO FLIGHT:  
AND LO! THE HUNTER  
OF THE EAST HAS  
CAUGHT  
THE SULTAN'S TURRET  
IN A NOOSE OF LIGHT.

II.

DREAMING WHEN DAW-  
N'S LEFT HAND WAS IN  
THE SKY  
I HEARD A VOICE WITH-  
IN THE TAVERN CRY,  
"AWAKE, MY LITTLE  
ONES, AND FILL THE CUP  
"BEFORE LIFE'S LIQUOR IN  
ITS CUP BE DRY."

III.

AND, AS THE COCK CREW, THOSE  
WHO STOOD BEFORE  
THE TAVERN SHOUTED—"OPEN  
THEN THE DOOR!  
"YOU KNOW HOW LITTLE WHILE  
WE HAVE TO STAY,  
"AND, ONCE DEPARTED, MAY  
RETURN NO MORE."

IV.

NOW THE NEW YEAR REVIVING  
OLD DESIRES,  
THE THOUGHTFUL SOUL TO  
SOLITUDE RETIRES,  
WHERE THE WHITE HAND OF  
MOSES ON THE BOUGH  
PUTS OUT, AND JESUS FROM THE  
GROUND SUSPIRES.

V.

IRAM INDEED IS GONE WITH ALL  
ITS ROSE,  
AND JAMSHYD'S SEV'N-RING'D  
CUP WHERE NO ONE KNOWS;  
BUT STILL THE VINE HER  
ANCIENT RUBY YIELDS,  
AND STILL A GARDEN BY THE  
WATER BLOWS.



VI.

AND DAVID'S LIPS ARE LOCK'T;  
BUT IN DIVINE  
HIGH PIPING PEHLEVI, WITH  
"WINE! WINE! WINE!  
"RED WINE!"—THE NIGHTIN-  
GALE CRIES TO THE ROSE  
THAT YELLOW CHEEK OF HER'S  
TO'INCARNADINE.

VII.

COME, FILL THE CUP, AND IN THE  
FIRE OF SPRING  
THE WINTER GARMENT OF  
REPENTANCE FLING:  
THE BIRD OF TIME HAS BUT A  
LITTLE WAY  
TO FLY—AND LO! THE BIRD IS ON  
THE WING.

VIII.

AND LOOK—A THOUSAND  
BLOSSOMS WITH THE DAY  
WOKE—AND A THOUSAND  
SCATTER'D INTO CLAY:  
AND THIS FIRST SUMMMERMONTH  
THAT BRINGS THE ROSE  
SHALL TAKE JAMSHYD AND  
KAIKOBAD AWAY.

IX.

BUT COME WITH OLD KHAYYAM,  
AND LEAVE THE LOT  
OF KAIKOBAD AND KAIKHOSRU  
FORGOT:  
LET RUSTUM LAY ABOUT HIM AS  
HE WILL,  
OR HATIM TAI CRY SUPPER—  
HEED THEM NOT.

X.

WITH ME ALONG SOME STRIP OF  
HERBAGE STROWN  
THAT JUST DIVIDES THE DESERT  
FROM THE SOWN,  
WHERE NAME OF SLAVE AND  
SULTAN SCARCE IS KNOWN,  
AND PITY SULTAN MAHMUD ON  
HIS THRONE.

XI.

HERE WITH A LOAF OF BREAD  
BENEATH THE BOUGH,  
A FLASK OF WINE, A BOOK OF  
VERSE—AND THOU  
BESIDE ME SINGING IN THE  
WILDERNESS—  
AND WILDERNESS IS PARADISE  
ENOW.

XII.

"HOW SWEET IS MORTAL SOV-  
RANTY!"—THINK SOME:  
OTHERS—"HOW BLEST THE  
PARADISE TO COME!"  
AH, TAKE THE CASH IN HAND  
AND WAVE THE REST;  
OH, THE BRAVE MUSIC OF A  
DISTANT DRUM!

XIII.

LOOK TO THE ROSE THAT BLOWS  
ABOUT US—"LO,  
"LAUGHING," SHE SAYS, "INTO  
THE WORLD I BLOW:  
"AT ONCE THE SILKEN TASSEL  
OF MY PURSE  
"TEAR, AND ITS TREASURE ON  
THE GARDEN THROW."

XIV.

THE WORLDLY HOPE MEN SET  
THEIR HEARTS UPON  
TURNS ASHES—OR IT PROSPERS:  
AND ANON,  
LIKE SNOW UPON THE DESERT'S  
DUSTY FACE  
LIGHTING A LITTLE HOUR OR  
TWO—IS GONE.

XV.

AND THOSE WHO HUSBANDED  
THE GOLDEN GRAIN,  
AND THOSE WHO FLUNG IT TO  
THE WINDS LIKE RAIN,  
ALIKE TO NO SUCH AUREATE  
EARTH ARE TURN'D  
AS, BURIED ONCE, MEN WANT  
DUG UP AGAIN.

XVI.

THINK, IN THIS BATTER'D CARA-  
VANSERAI  
WHOSE DOORWAYS ARE ALTER-  
NATE NIGHT AND DAY,  
HOW SULTAN AFTER SULTAN  
WITH HIS POMP  
ABODE HIS HOUR OR TWO, AND  
WENT HIS WAY.

XVII.

THEY SAY THE LION AND THE  
LIZARD KEEP  
THE COURTS WHERE JAMSHYD  
GLORIED AND DRANK DEEP;  
AND BAHRAM, THAT GREAT  
HUNTER—THE WILD ASS  
STAMPS O'ER HIS HEAD, AND HE  
LIES FAST ASLEEP.



XVIII.

I SOMETIMES THINK THAT  
NEVER BLOWS SO RED  
THE ROSE AS WHERE SOME  
BURIED CÆSAR BLED;  
THAT EVERY HYACINTH THE  
GARDEN WEARS  
DROPT IN ITS LAP FROM SOME  
ONCE LOVELY HEAD.

XIX.

AND THIS DELIGHTFUL HERB  
WHOSE TENDER GREEN  
FLEDGES THE RIVER'S LIP ON  
WHICH WE LEAN—  
AH, LEAN UPON IT LIGHTLY! FOR  
WHO KNOWS  
FROM WHAT ONCE LOVELY LIP IT  
SPRINGS UNSEEN!

XX.

AH, MY BELOVED, FILL THE CUP  
THAT CLEARS  
TO-DAY OF PAST REGRETS AND  
FUTURE FEARS—  
TO-MORROW?—WHY, TO-  
MORROW I MAY BE  
MYSELF WITH YESTERDAY'S  
SEV'N THOUSAND YEARS.

XXI.

LO! SOME WE LOVED, THE  
LOVELIEST AND BEST  
THAT TIME AND FATE OF ALL  
THEIR VINTAGE PREST,  
HAVE DRUNK THEIR CUP A  
ROUND OR TWO BEFORE,  
AND ONE BY ONE CREPT  
SILENTLY TO REST.

XXII.

AND WE, THAT NOW MAKE  
MERRY IN THE ROOM  
THEY LEFT, AND SUMMER  
DRESSES IN NEW BLOOM,  
OURSELVES MUST WE BENEATH  
THE COUCH OF EARTH  
DESCEND, OURSELVES TO MAKE  
A COUCH—FOR WHOM?

XXIII.

AH, MAKE THE MOST OF WHAT  
WE YET MAY SPEND,  
BEFORE WE TOO INTO THE DUST  
DESCEND;  
DUST INTO DUST, AND UNDER  
DUST, TO LIE,  
SANS WINE, SANS SONG, SANS  
SINGER, AND—SANS END!

XXIV.

ALIKE FOR THOSE WHO FOR TO-  
DAY PREPARE,  
AND THOSE THAT AFTER A TO-  
MORROW STARE,  
A MUEZZIN FROM THE TOWER  
OF DARKNESS CRIES  
"FOOLS! YOUR REWARD IS  
NEITHER HERE NOR THERE!"

XXV.

WHY, ALL THE SAINTS AND  
SAGES WHO DISCUSS'D  
OF THE TWO WORLDS SO  
LEARNEDLY, ARE THRUST  
LIKE FOOLISH PROPHETS FORTH;  
THEIR WORDS TO SCORN  
ARE SCATTER'D, AND THEIR  
MOUTHS ARE STOPT WITH DUST.

XXVI.

OH, COME WITH OLD KHAYYAM,  
AND LEAVE THE WISE  
TO TALK; ONE THING IS CERTAIN.  
THAT LIFE FLIES;  
ONE THING IS CERTAIN, AND  
THE REST IS LIES;  
THE FLOWER THAT ONCE HAS  
BLOWN FOR EVER DIES.

XXVII.

MYSELF WHEN YOUNG DID  
EAGERLY FREQUENT  
DOCTOR AND SAINT, AND HEARD  
GREAT ARGUMENT  
ABOUT IT AND ABOUT: BUT  
EVERMORE  
CAME OUT BY THE SAME DOOR  
AS IN I WENT.

XXVIII.

WITH THEM THE SEED OF  
WISDOM DID I SOW,  
AND WITH MY OWN HAND  
LABOUR'D IT TO GROW:  
AND THIS WAS ALL THE HARVEST  
THAT I REAP'D—  
"I CAME LIKE WATER, AND LIKE  
WIND I GO."

XXIX.

INTO THIS UNIVERSE, AND WHY  
NOT KNOWING,  
NOR WHENCE, LIKE WATER  
WILLY-NILLY FLOWING:  
AND OUT OF IT, AS WIND ALONG  
THE WASTE,  
I KNOW NOT WHITHER, WILLY-  
NILLY BLOWING.



XXX.

WHAT, WITHOUT ASKING,  
HITHER HURRIED WHENCE!  
AND, WITHOUT ASKING,  
WHITHER HURRIED HENCE!  
ANOTHER AND ANOTHER CUP  
TO DROWN  
THE MEMORY OF THIS  
IMPERTINENCE!

XXXI.

UP FROM EARTH'S CENTRE  
THROUGH THE SEVENTH GATE  
I ROSE, AND ON THE THRONE OF  
SATURN SATE,  
AND MANY KNOTS UNRAVEL'D  
BY THE ROAD;  
BUT NOT THE KNOT OF HUMAN  
DEATH AND FATE.

XXXII.

THERE WAS A DOOR TO WHICH I  
FOUND NO KEY:  
THERE WAS A VEIL PAST WHICH I  
COULD NOT SEE:  
SOME LITTLE TALK AWHILE OF  
ME AND THEE  
THERE SEEM'D—AND THEN  
NO MORE OF THEE AND ME.

XXXIII.

THEN TO THE ROLLING HEAV'N  
ITSELF I CRIED,  
ASKING, "WHAT LAMP HAD  
DESTINY TO GUIDE  
"HER LITTLE CHILDREN  
STUMBLING IN THE DARK?"  
AND—"A BLIND UNDER-  
STANDING!" HEAV'N REPLIED.

XXXIV.

THEN TO THIS EARTHEN BOWL  
DID I ADJOURN  
MY LIP, THE SECRET WELL OF LIFE  
TO LEARN:  
AND LIP TO LIP IT MURMUR'D—  
"WHILE YOU LIVE  
"DRINK!—FOR ONCE DEAD YOU  
NEVER SHALL RETURN."

XXXV.

I THINK THE VESSEL, THAT  
WITH FUGITIVE  
ARTICULATION ANSWER'D, ONCE  
DID LIVE,  
AND MERRY-MAKE; AND THE  
COLD LIP I KISS'D  
HOW MANY KISSES MIGHT IT  
TAKE—AND GIVE!

XXXVI.

FOR IN THE MARKET-PLACE, ONE  
DUSK OF DAY,  
I WATCH'D THE POTTER  
THUMPING HIS WET CLAY:  
AND WITH ITS ALL OBLITERATED  
TONGUE  
IT MURMUR'D—"GENTLY,  
BROTHER, GENTLY, PRAY!"

XXXVII.

AH, FILL THE CUP:—WHAT BOOTS  
IT TO REPEAT  
HOW TIME IS SLIPPING UNDER-  
NEATH OUR FEET:  
UNBORN TO-MORROW, AND DEAD  
YESTERDAY,  
WHY FRET ABOUT THEM IF TO-  
DAY BE SWEET!

XXXVIII.

ONE MOMENT IN ANNIHILA-  
TION'S WASTE,  
ONE MOMENT, OF THE WELL OF  
LIFE TO TASTE—  
THE STARS ARE SETTING AND  
THE CARAVAN  
STARTS FOR THE DAWN OF  
NOTHING —OH, MAKE HASTE!

XXXIX.

HOW LONG, HOW LONG, IN  
INFINITE PURSUIT,  
OF THIS AND THAT ENDEAVOUR  
AND DISPUTE?  
BETTER BE MERRY WITH THE  
FRUITFUL GRAPE  
THAN SADDEN AFTER NONE, OR  
BITTER, FRUIT.

XL.

YOU KNOW, MY FRIENDS, HOW  
LONG SINCE IN MY HOUSE  
FOR A NEW MARRIAGE I DID MAKE  
CAROUSE:  
DIVORCED OLD BARREN REASON  
FROM MY BED,  
AND TOOK THE DAUGHTER OF  
THE VINE TO SPOUSE.

XLI.

FOR "IS" AND "IS-NOT" THOUGH  
WITH RULE AND LINE,  
AND "UP-AND-DOWN" WITH-  
OUT, I COULD DEFINE,  
I YET IN ALL I ONLY CARED TO  
KNOW,  
WAS NEVER DEEP IN ANYTHING  
BUT—WINE.



XLII.

AND LATELY, BY THE TAVERN  
DOOR AGAPE,  
CAME STEALING THROUGH THE  
DUSK AN ANGEL SHAPE  
BEARING A VESSEL ON HIS  
SHOULDER; AND  
HE BID ME TASTE OF IT; AND  
'T WAS—THE GRAPE!

XLIII.

THE GRAPE THAT CAN WITH  
LOGIC ABSOLUTE  
THE TWO-AND-SEVENTY  
JARRING SECTS CONFUTE:  
THE SUBTLE ALCHEMIST THAT  
IN A TRICE  
LIFE'S LEADEN METAL INTO  
GOLD TRANSMUTE.

XLIV.

THE MIGHTY MAHMUD, THE  
VICTORIOUS LORD,  
THAT ALL THE MISBELIEVING  
AND BLACK HORDE  
OF FEARS AND SORROWS THAT  
INFEST THE SOUL  
SCATTERS AND SLAYS WITH HIS  
ENCHANTED SWORD.

XLV.

BUT LEAVE THE WISE TO  
WRANGLE, AND WITH ME  
THE QUARREL OF THE UNIVERSE  
LET BE:  
AND, IN SOME CORNER OF THE  
HUBBUB COUCH'T,  
MAKE GAME OF THAT WHICH  
MAKES AS MUCH OF THEE.

XLVI.

FOR IN AND OUT, ABOVE, ABOUT,  
BELOW,  
'TIS NOTHING BUT A MAGIC  
SHADOW-SHOW,  
PLAY'D IN A BOX WHOSE CANDLE  
IS THE SUN,  
ROUND WHICH WE PHANTOM  
FIGURES COME AND GO,

XLVII.

AND IF THE WINE YOU DRINK,  
THE LIP YOU PRESS,  
END IN THE NOTHING ALL  
THINGS END IN—YES—  
THEN FANCY WHILE THOU ART,  
THOU ART BUT WHAT  
THOU SHALT BE—NOTHING—  
THOU SHALT NOT BE LESS.

XLVIII.

WHILE THE ROSE BLOWS ALONG  
THE RIVER BRINK,  
WITH OLD KHAYYAM THE RUBY  
VINTAGE DRINK;  
AND WHEN THE ANGEL WITH  
HIS DARKER DRAUGHT  
DRAWS UP TO THEE—TAKE  
THAT, AND DO NOT SHRINK.

XLIX.

'TIS ALL A CHEQUER-BOARD OF  
NIGHTS AND DAYS  
WHERE DESTINY WITH MEN FOR  
PIECES PLAYS:  
HITHER AND THITHER MOVES.  
AND MATES, AND SLAYS,  
AND ONE BY ONE BACK IN THE  
CLOSET LAYS.

L.

THE BALL NO QUESTION MAKES  
OF AYES AND NOES,  
BUT RIGHT OR LEFT, AS STRIKES  
THE PLAYER GOES;  
AND HE THAT TOSS'D THEE  
DOWN INTO THE FIELD,  
HE KNOWS ABOUT IT ALL—HE  
KNOWS—HE KNOWS!

LI.

THE MOVING FINGER WRITES;  
AND, HAVING WRIT,  
MOVES ON: NOR ALL THY PIETY  
NOR WIT  
SHALL LURE IT BACK TO CANCEL  
HALF A LINE,  
NOR ALL THY TEARS WASH OUT A  
WORD OF IT.

LII.

AND THAT INVERTED BOWL WE  
CALL THE SKY,  
WHEREUNDER CRAWLING  
COOP'T WE LIVE AND DIE,  
LIFT NOT THY HANDS TO IT FOR  
HELP—FOR IT  
ROLLS IMPOTENTLY ON AS THOU  
OR I.

LIII.

WITH EARTH'S FIRST CLAY THEY  
DID THE LAST MAN'S KNEAD,  
AND THEN OF THE LAST  
HARVEST SOW'D THE SEED:  
YEA, THE FIRST MORNING OF  
CREATION WROTE  
WHAT THE LAST DAWN OF  
RECKONING SHALL READ.



LIV.

I TELL THEE THIS—WHEN,  
STARTING FROM THE GOAL,  
OVER THE SHOULDERS OF THE  
FLAMING FOAL  
OF HEAV'N PARWIN AND  
MUSHTARA THEY FLUNG,  
IN MY PREDESTIN'D PLOT OF  
DUST AND SOUL

LV.

THE VINE HAD STRUCK A FIBRE;  
WHICH ABOUT  
IF CLINGS MY BEING—LET THE  
SUFİ FLOUT;  
OF MY BASE METAL MAY BE FILED  
A KEY,  
THAT SHALL UNLOCK THE DOOR  
HE HOWLS WITHOUT.

LVI.

AND THIS I KNOW: WHETHER  
THE ONE TRUE LIGHT,  
KINDLE TO LOVE, OR WRATH-  
CONSUME ME QUITE,  
ONE GLIMPSE OF IT WITHIN THE  
TAVERN CAUGHT  
BETTER THAN IN THE TEMPLE  
LOST OUTRIGHT.

LVII.

OH THOU, WHO DIDST WITH  
PITFALL AND WITH GIN  
BESET THE ROAD I WAS TO  
WANDER IN,  
THOU WILT NOT WITH PREDES-  
TINATION ROUND  
ENMESH ME, AND IMPUTE MY  
FALL TO SIN?

LVIII.

OH, THOU, WHO MAN OF BASER  
EARTH DIDST MAKE,  
AND WHO WITH EDEN DIDST  
DEVISE THE SNAKE;  
FOR ALL THE SIN WHEREWITH  
THE FACE OF MAN  
IS BLACKEN'D, MAN'S FORGIVE-  
NESS GIVE—AND TAKE!

\* \* \* \* \*

KUZA-NAMA.

LISTEN AGAIN ONE EVENING  
AT THE CLOSE OF RAMAZAN  
ERE THE BETTER MOON  
AROSE,  
IN THAT OLD POTTER'S SHOP I  
STOOD ALONE  
WITH THE CLAY POPULATION  
ROUND IN ROWS.

LX.

AND, STRANGE TO TELL, AMONG  
THAT EARTHEN LOT  
SOME COULD ARTICULATE,  
WHILE OTHERS NOT:  
AND SUDDENLY ONE MORE  
IMPATIENT CRIED:  
"WHO IS THE POTTER, PRAY, AND  
WHO THE POT?"

LXI.

THEN SAID ANOTHER—"SURELY  
NOT IN VAIN  
"MY SUBSTANCE FROM THE  
COMMON EARTH WAS TA'EN,  
"THAT HE WHO SUBTLY  
WROUGHT ME INTO SHAPE  
"SHOULD STAMP ME BACK TO  
COMMON EARTH AGAIN."

LXII.

ANOTHER SAID—"WHY, NE'ER A  
PEEVISH BOY,  
"WOULD BREAK THE BOWL FROM  
WHICH HE DRANK IN JOY;  
"SHALL HE THAT MADE THE  
VESSEL IN PURE LOVE  
"AND FANCY, IN AN AFTER RAGE  
DESTROY!"

LXIII.

NONE ANSWER'D THIS; BUT  
AFTER SILENCE SPAKE  
A VESSEL OF A MORE UNGAINLY  
MAKE:  
"THEY SNEER AT ME FOR  
LEANING ALL AWRY;  
"WHAT! DID THE HAND THEN  
OF THE POTTER SHAKE?"

LXIV.

SAID ONE—"FOLKS OF A SURLY  
TAPSTER TELL,  
"AND DAUB HIS VISAGE WITH  
THE SMOKE OF HELL;  
"THEY TALK OF SOME STRICT  
TESTING OF US—PISH!  
"HE'S A GOOD FELLOW, AND  
"TWILL ALL BE WELL."

LXV.

THEN SAID ANOTHER WITH A  
LONG-DRAWN SIGH,  
"MY CLAY WITH LONG OBLIVION  
IS GONE DRY:  
"BUT, FILL ME WITH THE OLD  
FAMILIAR JUICE,  
"METHINKS I MIGHT RECOVER  
BY-AND-BYE!"

LXVI.

SO WHILE THE VESSELS ONE BY  
ONE WERE SPEAKING,  
ONE SPIED THE LITTLE  
CRESCENT ALL WERE SEEKING:  
AND THEN THEY JOGG'D EACH  
OTHER, "BROTHER! BROTHER!  
"HARK TO THE PORTER'S  
SHOULDER-KNOT A-CREAKING!"

\* \* \* \* \*

LXVII.

AH, WITH THE GRAPE MY FADING  
LIFE PROVIDE,  
AND WASH MY BODY WHENCE  
THE LIFE HAS DIED,  
AND IN A WINDINGSHEET OF  
VINE-LEAF WRAPT,  
SO BURY ME BY SOME SWEET  
GARDEN-SIDE.



LXVIII.

THAT EV'N MY BURIED ASHES  
SUCH A SNARE  
OF PERFUME SHALL FLING UP  
INTO THE AIR,  
AS NOT A TRUE BELIEVER  
PASSING BY  
BUT SHALL BE OVERTAKEN  
UNAWARE.

LXIX.

INDEED THE IDOLS I HAVE LOVED  
SO LONG  
HAVE DONE MY CREDIT IN MEN'S  
EYE MUCH WRONG:  
HAVE DROWN'D MY HONOUR IN  
A SHALLOW CUP,  
AND SOLD MY REPUTATION FOR  
A SONG.

LXX.

INDEED, INDEED, REPENTANCE  
OFT BEFORE  
I SWORE—BUT WAS I SOBER  
WHEN I SWORE?  
AND THEN AND THEN CAME  
SPRING, AND ROSE-IN-HAND  
MY THREAD-BARE PENITENCE  
A PIECES TORE.

LXXI.

AND MUCH AS WINE HAS PLAY'D  
THE INFIDEL,  
AND ROBB'D ME OF MY ROBE OF  
HONOUR—WELL,  
I OFTEN WONDER WHAT THE  
VINTNERS BUY  
ONE HALF SO PRECIOUS AS THE  
GOODS THEY SELL.

LXXII.

ALAS, THAT SPRING SHOULD  
VANISH WITH THE ROSE!  
THAT YOUTH'S SWEET  
SCENTED MANUSCRIPT SHOULD  
CLOSE!  
THE NIGHTINGALE THAT IN  
THE BRANCHES SANG,  
AH, WHENCE, AND WHITHER  
FLOWN AGAIN, WHO KNOWS!

LXXIII.

AH LOVE! COULD THOU AND I  
WITH FATE CONSPIRE  
TO GRASP THIS SORRY SCHEME  
OF THINGS ENTIRE,  
WOULD NOT WE SHATTER IT TO  
BITS—AND THEN  
RE-MOULD IT NEARER TO THE  
HEART'S DESIRE!

LXXIV.

AH, MOON OF MY DELIGHT WHO  
KNOW'ST NO WANE,  
THE MOON OF HEAV'N IS RISING  
ONCE AGAIN:  
HOW OFT HEREAFTER RISING  
SHALL SHE LOOK  
THROUGH THIS SAME GARDEN  
AFTER ME—IN VAIN!

LXXV.

AND WHEN THYSELF WITH  
SHINING FOOT SHALL PASS  
AMONG THE GUESTS STAR-  
SCATTER'D ON THE GRASS,  
AND IN THY JOYOUS ERRAND  
REACH THE SPOT  
WHERE I MADE ONE—TURN  
DOWN AN EMPTY GLASS!

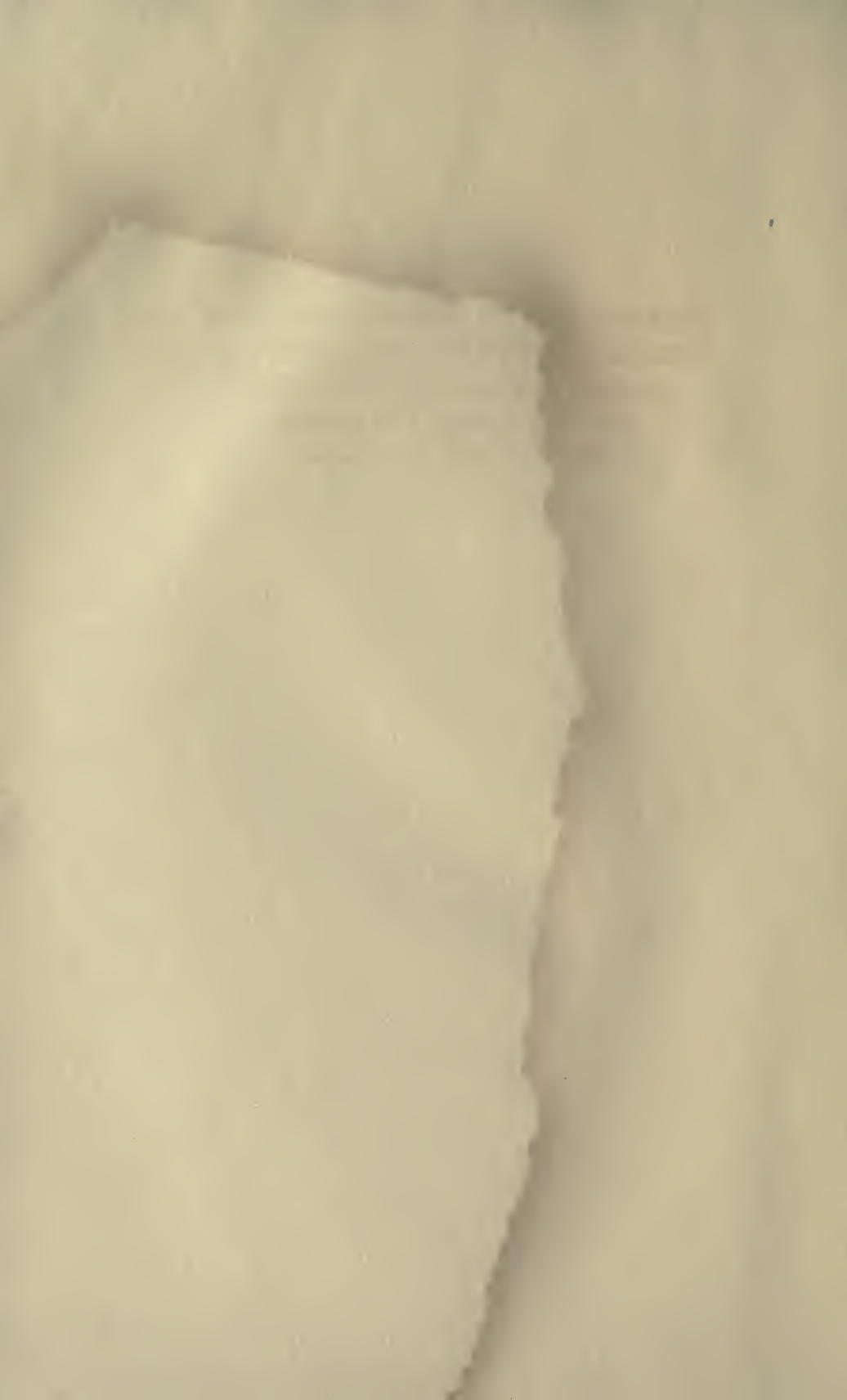
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